

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 108.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1821.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

A Journal of a Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions, in his Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper, in the years 1819 and 1820. By Alexander Fisher, Surgeon, R. N. 8vo. pp. 320. London, 1821.

THE public has waited with no small degree of anxiety during the last three months for the long-promised account of the last Voyage of Discovery, from the pen of Captain Parry, the enterprising commander of the expedition. Of the reasons which have delayed that publication, we know as little as we do why Surgeon Fisher's twelve shilling volume has stolen into the world, as, except for such persons as ourselves, it would steal out of it,—without notice. In the whole course of our critical labours, we never met with a work so likely to create disappointment as this journal, which appears to be a diary of all the circumstances unworthy of notice that occurred during the voyage. In trifling and silly remarks it strongly reminds us of the cocknies' journal on the first of September; and did we not learn from the title and introduction, that the author is a 'Surgeon, R. N.,' who accompanied Captain Parry in his voyage, and that he is gone out in the new expedition, we should have taken him for a dandy amateur of science.

With the nature and object of Capt. Parry's expedition our readers are already sufficiently acquainted, and were they not, the information is not to be gained from the work before us. The author, whose minuteness about trifles is as ridiculous as his negligence in noticing the most important facts is censurable, sets out with telling us, that the ships left Deptford at half-past eight o'clock, on the 4th of May, 1819, and reached Northfleet at half-past twelve, by the aid of the Eclipse steam boat. He then tells, what of course is quite new to us, that 'the country along the banks of the river was, at this time, extremely beautiful, particularly on the right side;' he next gives us a wood engraving of Morven

VOL. III.

Hill in Banffshire, which just conveys as correct an idea of it, as the Queen's portrait at the top of a half-penny ballad does of the features of her majesty. As he proceeds, he makes new discoveries, in the sagacity of a whale going down tail foremost, when, if it had gone otherwise, probably its tail would have been entangled in the ice. On getting to Baffin's Bay, he is quite delighted to find that arctic foxes are cunning, but that the one which was caught in a trap was not likely to escape for all 'his wily tricks,' and he promises that if Reynard displays any peculiarities deserving of notice, he shall take an opportunity of mentioning them hereafter. The fox, however, did escape before Mr. Fisher could learn any more of his 'wily tricks.' A work in the form of a journal is most convenient, as it enables an author to display so much sagacity. This is done, first, with suggesting an idea, then, a few pages afterwards, being strengthened in the opinion, and, lastly, discovering its reality, on which the author congratulates himself for the pre-science he has displayed.

Most gladly would we wish to give our readers some account of this important voyage, but we despair of doing it from Mr. Fisher's work; we will, however, try what can be done. We have already stated that the expedition sailed on the 4th of May from Deptford; at seven o'clock on the 4th of September, Captain Parry accomplished the first portion of the discovery of the north-west passage in crossing the meridian of 110° of longitude west of Greenwich. The day following, Captain Parry told the ship's company of their success, and congratulated them on it, as they were thus entitled to the Parliamentary reward of 5000l. On the 23d they got within three quarters of a mile of the entrance of Coppermine Harbour, and, after cutting through the ice of a canal, a distance of two miles and one-third, which occupied three days, the ships were warped to the top of the canal, when the men, in the usual way in which British seamen express their joy,

gave three hearty cheers! This place was selected for wintering, and was called 'Winter Harbour.' On the 2d of November, the first number of a weekly Newspaper was commenced, called 'The Winter Chronicle, or New Georgia Gazette;' and, three days after, notwithstanding the thermometer outside the ship stood at zero, and within as low as the freezing point, yet two hours were spent very happily on the quarter deck in witnessing the performance of the farce of 'Miss in her Teens' by the officers. The theatre was opened by an appropriate address, written by Mr. Wakefield, and two songs by the same gentleman were sung in the evening. An attempt was made to construct ice guns, but they were all shattered to pieces on the first fire. Mercury was frozen into a solid mass, by being four hours exposed in the open air, at the temperature of 36 degrees below zero; and four parselenæ, or mock moons, were discovered in the evening of December, each at the distance of about 21½° from the moon. On the 21st of December, Mr. Fisher says—

'This being our shortest day, or, more properly speaking, the day on which the sun is farthest from us, several of the officers went out on the ice at noon with books, to determine whether it was possible to read by the twilight, and, surprising as it may appear, yet we found that the smallest print could be read by it. The book that I took was a small (pocket) Common Prayer-Book, (which was the smallest print I could find,) and, by facing it towards the south, I could read it very distinctly. As the portion of it that presented itself by chance on this occasion contains a good moral lesson, I hope it will not be considered an idle or impious thing to quote the sentence that happened to be the subject of experiment. It was the first verse of the forty-sixth Psalm; *God is our hope and strength; a very present help in trouble.* In addition to what has been said, I ought also to mention, that the weather at the time was rather cloudy, so that very few stars could be seen, and the moon's declination was about 15½° S., consequently below the horizon; therefore the twilight was the only source from which we could receive any light at the time. My object in being so

minute in detailing this circumstance is simply to give an idea of the degree or quantity of light that we still receive from the sun. It must not be understood, therefore, that I mentioned it as any thing extraordinary or unexpected; for even if such were my design, I should be only exposing my own ignorance, since it is known to every person that the twilight does not cease until the sun is eighteen degrees below the horizon, or passed the imaginary line called the crepusculum.*

Two days afterwards, the officers performed 'The Mayor of Garrat,' and a new piece, written by Captain Parry, called the 'North West Passage, or the Voyage Finished.' This play was a great favourite with all the crew, who extolled its merits loudly; and the boatswain said, that it was 'in fact real philosophy.' So intense was the cold, that brandy, on being exposed on deck, congealed in half an hour, to the consistence of honey; and, on the 15th of February, our author says,—

'As I considered this day to be one of the coldest that we are likely to have this winter, I made an experiment, which, although trivial, deserves to be mentioned, as it exemplifies, in a very simple manner, the rapidity with which water is frozen in such a temperature, as we have had to-day. The experiment in question is thus: I took a quart bottle, full of fresh water, to the main-top, and there poured it through a small cullander, when it was found, that by the time the drops of water had fallen to the roofing over the ship, they had congealed into irregular spherical masses. The height between the main-top and the place on which they fell was forty feet eight inches.'

On the 3rd of February, the ship's crew saw the sun after an absence of ninety-two days:—

'During the time the sun was above the horizon, a vertical column of a beautiful red colour extended from it towards the zenith; the colour of it was most brilliant near the sun, and diminished gradually as it went upwards. It was observed also, that it was not always of the same brilliancy, but that it twinkled so that the upper part of it vanished altogether for a moment; it then instantaneously brightened up as splendid as before; this twinkling went on in quick succession, during the whole time the column appeared. Its breadth was about equal to the sun's diameter, and its height, or altitude, when in its greatest splendour, was between four and five degrees.'

Of the severity of the cold, we have other instances. The house on shore caught fire, and was materially injured, but—

'Considerable as the fire was, its influence or heat extended but a very little way, for several of the officers and men were frost-bitten; the two men in particu-

lar, who were in the house at the time the fire commenced, suffered very severely; one of them, indeed, is in great danger of losing some of his fingers, for, notwithstanding every effort was, and is still making to restore them to life, most of them are, as yet, without the least sensation. Some idea may be formed of the state they were in when he came on board, from this circumstance, that when they were immersed in a small tub of cold water for the purpose of thawing them, the cold they communicated to the water was so great that a thin film of ice was immediately formed on its surface. This may appear to some to be so extraordinary, as to be almost incredible, and I have no doubt that I should be apt to disbelieve it also, had I not been an eye-witness of the thing myself; but this was certainly one of the coldest days I ever experienced, for it blew very fresh, and the thermometer was at the time we were out at 43° below zero; what must, therefore, be the effect such a cold on a man having his bare hands exposed to it for an hour, as was the case with the man in question?'

And a few days afterwards,—

'One of the men, who was frost-bitten when the house was burnt a fortnight ago, had a part of three fingers of the left, and two of the right hand, amputated to-day, in consequence of what he suffered at that time, having destroyed life in the joints that were removed. Whatever the process is that destroys vitality by means of cold, its effects on the parts that are destroyed are very different from that produced by sphacelus, or mortification of any other kind, that I remember having ever seen; for neither the size, nor the texture of the parts in question, were in the least altered, except that the skin and nails came off a few days ago.'

'The destruction of the skin, or rather the detachment of it, has almost invariably taken place in every case of frost-bite that has occurred since the beginning of the winter. Of the mode of treating them, although our practice has been very considerable, I am not aware that we can throw any additional light on the subject. Friction, with snow at first, and afterwards immersion in cold water, until sensation is restored, appears to be the best applications to begin with; and when cold applications did not subdue in a short time, the inflammation that afterwards occurred, I always observed that cataplasms were the most efficacious remedies.'

On the 1st of June, the land expedition, consisting of five officers and seven men, set off to explore Melville Island, and returned on the 16th. In the course of their travels, little of interest occurred. Several rein-deer were seen, and some ptarmigans were shot. Small pieces of granite, quartz, and felspar, were frequently met with, and vegetation was in a flourishing condition. On the 15th, says Mr. Fisher,—

'After taking a few hours' rest, we all turned (at two o'clock) to build a monument on the top of Table Hill*, which we finished by six. It is of a circular form, ten feet in diameter at the base, and about eleven feet high. In the centre of it we deposited an empty Donkin's meat-canister, containing a slip of parchment, on which was written the same brief notice that was on the pieces that we left at the other places that I have already mentioned, viz.:— "This was deposited here by a party from his majesty's ships Hecla and Griper, who wintered on this island in 1819 and 1820."'

On the 30th of June, William Scott, the boatswain's mate, died, and he was interred on a plain, between two and three hundred yards from the beach. On a slab of sand-stone an inscription was cut, and the stone placed at the head of his grave. Many relics were placed in Winter Harbour, and its geographical position has been determined accurately:—

'The latitude of the spot where the ship lay since the 26th of September, 1819, 74° 47' 15" N.

'Longitude of ditto, by lunar observations, 110° 48' 30" W.

'Variation of the compass, as found on shore, clear of the ship's attraction, 128° E.'

On the 1st of August, the vessels quitted Winter Harbour. A musk ox was killed, of which the following is a description:—

'The hair on different parts of the body was of different lengths, and of various colours; the prevailing colour, however, was black, and the longest hair was, as above stated, on the rump and hind quarters. He had a thick mane extending from the head to the top of the hunch; the colour of it was of a pale russet. Immediately behind the hunch there was a saddle, or bed, of short hair, of a yellowish white colour, about a foot and a half in length, along the ridge of the back, and nearly of the same breadth. The legs, as far as the knee-joint, were of a dirty white colour, and the hair on them this far was no longer than that on an English ox. At the root of the long hair, there was a finer kind, of an ash colour, which was indeed as fine as any wool, and would certainly, if manufactured, make as fine cloth as any English wool. Mr. Pennant, indeed, mentions, in his description of the musk-ox, that a man of the name of Jeremie had stockings made of the wool, or hair, of that animal, which were equally as fine as

* As this hill is a conspicuous object at a very considerable distance, its geographical position deserves to be mentioned. It was obtained from observations made at the monument that we erected on the top of it, viz.:— Latitude, by meridian altitude, 74° 48' 33" N; longitude, by chronometer, 23° 04' W. of the ships; variation of the compass, 123° 16' 01" E.'

any silk stockings. It would seem, that the animal casts this fleecy covering annually, for, in the thick part of the mane, and on each side of the neck, there was a layer of this wool quite detached from the body of the animal, and only prevented from falling off, from being interwoven amongst the long hair. The hair on his forehead was all matted into small lumps with earth, and the roots of the horns were also covered with it, from which it would appear, that he was in the habit of tearing up the ground with his head; of this, indeed, we were ourselves eye-witnesses in one instance, for after we had surrounded him, so as to prevent his escape, he began rubbing his head against the ground, as if threatening us with destruction if we approached nearer, and I have no doubt, that to any animal that inhabits these regions, he would be a formidable antagonist, not excepting the bear itself. His flesh tastes a good deal of musk, but not so much so as to be disagreeable; on this point, however, I ought to pay some deference to the opinion of a few persons amongst us who think differently. With regard to the heart and liver, it was agreed by all parties, that they were not very palatable; and those who ate the kidneys say, that they tasted more musky than any other part. To conclude the subject, I have no doubt that people living a little more affluently than we have been for some time past, would not relish the best part of it very much at first, but it is a taste which, like many others, I think might easily be acquired.

The musk-ox measured six feet ten inches from the snout to the tail, was four feet eight inches high, and weighed seven hundred and fifteen pounds. In the month of October, the vessels reached the Shetland Islands, having lost but one man during the voyage.

Mr. Fisher concludes by saying, that if they have not discovered the North West Passage, they have at least proved its existence. That such may be the case, we will not deny, but we have no evidence of it in his volume, which is as meagre and contemptible a production as has issued from the press for many years. The author's notice of the few objects of natural history that were met with is tediously minute. This is confined to an account of walrus, a white bear, narwhals, and white whales. Two maps, one shewing the course of the ships from Baffin's Bay, and the other tracing the routes of the land expedition on Melville's Island, are the only things worthy of notice, and we almost take shame to ourselves for having devoted any portion of our time to a work which has so ill requited our labour.

Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution; including a Narrative of the Expedition of General Xavier Mina. To which are annexed, some Observations on the Practicability of opening a Commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, through the Mexican Isthmus, in the Province of Oaxaca, and at the Lake of Nicaragua. By William Davis Robinson. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 717. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH there have been several volumes published on the South American revolution, and the events that have occurred are in general very familiar with the public, yet this has not been the case with the revolution in Mexico, the most important of the Spanish possessions in the new world, whether considered with respect to the extent of its fertile territory, the richness of its mines, its population, or its advancement in the arts of civilized life. The melancholy fate of the unfortunate patriot, Mina, who, after contributing to the liberties of his parent country, embarked in the cause of emancipating South America, is known; but we are little aware of the feeble tenure by which Spain retains possession of Mexico. Mina, with a small band, at no time exceeding three hundred and eight in number, advanced from Soto la Marina; fought his way into the interior of Mexico, beating on different occasions large bodies of troops sent to oppose his advance, and succeeded in forming a junction with one of the revolutionary bands. Though this romantic achievement was not crowned with success, yet it must be read with interest, even though the time since it took place has deprived it of the freshness of actual news.

The author of these volumes, Mr. Robinson, is a merchant and citizen of the United States, and a violent partisan of the insurgents in South America; his narrative must, therefore, be received with the due allowance always necessary to be made for an historian who is a party-man. There are, however, other grounds on which we would receive this narrative with caution,—we had almost said suspicion,—and these are furnished by Mr. Robinson's account of himself; an account which, although he appears to attach much importance to it, is of no further general interest than in enabling us to judge of his claims to the title of a faithful historian. We shall not go to Grotius, Vattel, or Puffendorff, to know the laws of belligerents, or how

far an intriguing non-combatant may evade the laws of nations; but we will take Mr. Robinson's own avowal, and leave our readers to judge whether he was a partisan of the insurgents or not. It appears, then, that Mr. Robinson landed on the Mexican coast in 1816; that he accompanied the Insurgent-General Teran, in his enterprise against Guasacualco, which failed; our author retreated into a small thicket, where he remained *five days*, when, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, he delivered himself up to the Spanish officers,—was condemned to death,—but, pleading the benefit of the *indulto*, his Catholic Majesty's pardon was granted. That he was afterwards sent to Spain by the Governor of Vera Cruz, who recommended his close confinement for life, on account of the information he possessed relating to Mexico, but that, after a confinement, in all of about two years and-a-half, he was liberated. Such are the facts as stated by Mr. R. respecting himself, and he complains loudly of his treatment, because he was a neutral: what sort of a neutral, will appear by the following extract from his own statement:—

'If the fact of his having visited New Grenada, Caracas, and Mexico, during the political commotions of those countries, for the purpose of ascertaining their actual condition, and of succouring the revolutionists, as a neutral merchant, by all fair and honourable means, renders him an enemy to Spain,—then is he her enemy. If cherishing those sentiments, and a determination to persevere in promoting the independence of South America and Mexico, by every means in his power, consistent with his duties as a citizen of the United States, proves him to entertain criminal intentions towards the Spanish government,—then, indeed, is he criminal.'

Dismissing the author, we shall now proceed to his work, which contains a detailed narrative of the Mexican revolution; a biographical memoir of Mina,—his enterprises in old Spain,—and his last unfortunate adventure in the new world. There are also some interesting notices respecting Mexico,—the country—population—state of society, &c. We shall not follow our author in his narrative, which contains many heart-sickening details of the ferocious and sanguinary character of the war in Mexico. Indeed, the whole history of the South American revolution is but one unmixed scene of bloodshed and carnage, and the conduct of both parties in the contest would have disgraced even the savages of New Zealand. Mr. Robinson is of opinion,

that had Mina landed with 1500 or 2000 men, instead of 270, in any part of the Mexican kingdom, he could have marched direct upon the city of Mexico, and overturned the Spanish government almost without a struggle. That a man of Mina's character and talents might have done this, we will not deny, but in the whole of the contest in South America, there must have been great apathy, or very bad management, when General Morillo, with very slender resources, was able so long to maintain the contest. Mina, soon after he landed in Mexico, encountered the enemy at Poetillos; and, although their numbers quadrupled his, yet he gained a complete victory, achieved by his own personal bravery, and the gallant example he set to his followers. The following circumstance, connected with this engagement, is related by the author:—

‘During the action, a trumpeter was made prisoner by a major of the enemy's cavalry. The major immediately forced him to dismount, and then gave him his carbine to carry. The trumpeter soon ascertained that it was loaded, and when he found that the enemy's troops were in a state of confusion, he suddenly presented the carbine at the major, and peremptorily ordered him to dismount; he did so, and the trumpeter jumping into the saddle, ordered the major to march before him, observing to him, “As you are obliged to walk, sir, I'll not trouble you to carry the gun. So much pleased was the major with the manner in which he was treated, that, although Mina gave him his liberty, he subsequently joined a division of the patriots.”

After a short but glorious career, Mina and his little band, left without support, were surprised by a very superior force, under Orrantia, while in their encampment:—

‘The alarm was given; the troopers of Mina, finding themselves cut off from their horses at pasture, mingled with the infantry, whose first impulse was to save themselves by flight. If thirty infantry only had united at that juncture, such was the situation of the ground, that they could have repelled the whole force of Orrantia, or at least could have held him in check, and made good their retreat. But officers and soldiers thought of nothing but their own safety; in the utmost disorder they rushed forward to gain the summit of the hills, and thence escape by the barrancas in the rear. Mina, awakened by the noise and tumult of his flying troops, started from the floor, and rushed out of the house in the same apparel in which he had passed the night, without coat, hat, or even his sword. Regardless of his person, the first object was to attempt the rallying of his flying troops;

but all his exertions were unavailing, for he soon found himself alone. He beheld the enemy pursuing and cutting down his flying comrades, and attempted, when too late, to secure his own safety; but the enemy were upon him. In the act of halloing to the fugitives to halt and form, he was seized by a dragoon, and having no arms whatever, resistance was perfectly useless.

‘If Mina, on first leaving the house, had attempted to escape, he might have succeeded with as much ease as many others; but such a thought, we believe, never entered his mind. His favourite servant, a coloured boy of New Orleans, after the general left the house, saddled his best horse, and went in pursuit of his master, carrying likewise his sword and pistols; but unfortunately he found him not.

‘The dragoon who captured Mina was ignorant of the rank of his prisoner, until informed of it by the general himself. He was then pinioned, and conducted into the presence of Orrantia, who, in the most arrogant manner, began to reproach him for having taken up arms against his sovereign, and interrogated him concerning his motives in thus becoming a traitor, insulting him, and lavishing upon him the bitterest criminations. Mina, who on the most trying occasions never lost his presence of mind and characteristic firmness, replied to these interrogatories in so sarcastic a strain, and with such strong expressions of contempt and indignation manifested in his countenance, that the brutal Orrantia started from his seat, and beat with the flat of his sword his disarmed and pinioned prisoner. Mina, motionless as a statue, endured this indignity; and then, with a crest brightened by conscious greatness, and an eye glowing with the fires of an elevated spirit, looked down upon his conqueror, and said, “I regret being made a prisoner; but to fall into the hands of one regardless of the character of a Spaniard and a soldier, renders my misfortunes doubly keen.” The magnanimity of Mina filled every man present with admiration, and even Orrantia stood confounded with the severity of his rebuke.’

‘Orrantia, after the disgraceful scene we have already noticed, inquired the force of the patriots in his neighbourhood; Mina informed him; when, conceiving, perhaps, that a desperate effort might be made to rescue the general, he immediately retreated upon Silao, with his prisoner, who was treated with every indignity. This ungenerous treatment was borne by Mina with his characteristic fortitude; the situation of his companions engrossed his reflections, and while on the road, his endeavours to cheer them up were constant.

‘On reaching Silao, he was put into irons by his savage conductor. Thence he was removed to Irapuato, and, finally, to Linan's head-quarters, in front of Tepeaca, at Los Remedios, where he was committed to the care of the regiment of

Navarra. His treatment there was such as a brave man deserved; every humane attention being shown him, and his situation made as comfortable as circumstances would admit.’

‘Upon the arrival at Mexico of the express which had been dispatched to announce the capture of Mina, couriers were sent by the viceroy to every part of the kingdom, to convey the cheering intelligence. Te Deums were chanted in the churches; salutes of artillery, illuminations, and rejoicings, took place in every town in the possession of the royalists; and such was the general joy among them, that they hailed the capture of Mina as the termination of the revolution. These demonstrations, on the part of the government and its adherents, are in themselves no common eulogium on the character of Mina.

‘In the city of Mexico, a great anxiety prevailed to behold Mina, and had he reached that place, much interest would have been made to save his life; but the viceroy, fearing the consequences that might ensue should he be brought thither, and being in constant dread lest he should escape, dispatched an order to Linan for the immediate execution of his prisoner.

‘When this order was communicated to Mina, he received it without any visible emotion. He continued to resist all overtures, for the purpose of drawing information from him, but regretted that he had not landed in Mexico one year sooner, when his services would have been more effective. He likewise regretted quitting life so deeply indebted to certain individuals, who had generously aided his enterprise.

‘On the 11th of November, (as well as we can now recollect,) he was conducted under a military escort to the fatal ground, attended by a file of the cacadores of the regiment of Zaragoza. In this last scene of his life was the hero of Navarre not unmindful of his character; with a firm step he advanced to the fatal spot, and with his usual serenity, told the soldiers to take good aim, “*Y no me hagais sufrir*,” (and don't let me suffer.) The officer commanding gave the accustomed signal; the soldiers fired; and that spirit fled from earth, which, for all the virtues and qualities which constitute the hero and the patriot, seemed to have been born for the good of mankind.

‘So anxious was the government that his death should be confirmed, that Linan was instructed to detach a surgeon from each European regiment, and the captain of each company, to attend the execution, who should certify that Mina was dead, and, moreover, describe the manner in which the balls entered his body, and note the one that caused his death. This was done, and the singular document was afterwards published in the Gazette of Mexico.

‘Thus perished this gallant youth, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. His

short but brilliant career entitles him to a distinguished place on the list of those heroes who have shed their blood in bold and generous exertions to break the tyrant's sceptre, and to extend the blessings of freedom among the human race.'

We shall not pursue the narrative farther, but select a few desultory passages; and, first, of the massacres of the belligerent parties:—

Massacres by the Royalists.—'Of the extent of those barbarities, some idea may be formed, when we state, that within the last nine years, it appears, from Spanish official documents, that there have been sacrificed, in cold blood, by hanging, shooting, and other modes of execution, eighty thousand prisoners, in those three provinces. We must bear in mind, that in these eighty thousand victims are not included many thousand others, who were put to death by a brutal soldiery, whenever they visited a village, the sentiments of whose inhabitants they suspected to be favourable to the insurgents. How many inoffensive men, women, and children have been slaughtered, of whose fate no further notice has been taken, in the official dispatches of the royal commanders, than in the following words:—"The town or pueblo of ———, with all its inhabitants has disappeared from the face of the earth !!!"

'In June, 1816, the Spanish General Morillo, entered the city of Santa Fé de Bogotá, then called the capital of New Grenada. In one of his despatches from thence, which was intercepted in its passage to Spain, he boldly describes the measures which he had pursued, in the following words:—"Every person, of either sex, capable of reading or writing, were treated as rebels. By thus cutting off all who could read or write, he hoped effectually to arrest the spirit of revolution." The authenticity of such an extraordinary official communication, might admit of some doubt, if the monster who penned it had not in reality executed the savage deeds therein announced. All persons in Santa Fé and in Carthagena, who had been distinguished by their learning or eminence in science, or who had held stations in the provincial administrations, and in the congress with their wives and daughters, were thrown into loathsome dungeons. Six hundred of them were hanged or shot, and their bodies exhibited on gibbets. All the females who were accomplished in literature, of which there were many, suffered the same fate. The learned and benevolent Mutis, of whom Humboldt has spoken in terms of admiration; Lozano and Caldos, who were his disciples in philosophy; a distinguished chemist, and several other men of science, who had not borne arms; nor held any public trust, were put to death by order of Morillo. Some of the females were indebted for the preservation of their lives merely to the fatigue of the executioners; these wo-

men were afterwards exiled. Nearly the whole population of Santa Fé supplicated Morillo to spare the life of the venerable Mutis; but the savage was inexorable, openly avowing, that learned Creoles were more dangerous enemies than the insurgents in arms.'

'The brief view we have taken of the murders of unfortunate Creoles, in the three provinces before mentioned, we are well convinced, embraces but a small part of the numbers which have perished; and were we to say, that one hundred and fifty thousand, instead of eighty thousand, have been deliberately slaughtered by the royalists, we conceive that we should still be short of the actual number of victims.'

Massacres by the Insurgents.—'Bolívar dispatched an order to the governor of the city of Caracas, to execute every European Spaniard who was confined in that city, or at La Guayra. This dreadful order was carried into literal and prompt execution, and not more than twenty or thirty of the European Spaniards, who were prisoners, were saved from the terrible sentence.

'The author of this work, as well as many other foreigners, was present at the execution of above eight hundred of these victims at La Guayra. They were taken out of the dungeons, and conducted in pairs a short distance from the town, and there shot; after which, their bodies were burned. Many of these unfortunate beings, who knew that their sacrifice was the result of the unfeeling obstinacy and cruelty of the Spanish government and its officers, deliberately conversed on the subject while walking to the place of execution, and several of them uttered the most horrible curses against the authors of their calamities.'

Mexican Clergy.—'The Mexican clergy are far less numerous than is generally supposed. According to a late enlightened traveller, M. de Humboldt, the secular clergy and regulars who wear the cowl, do not exceed ten, and, including the lower orders attached to the convents, fourteen thousand; being about three for every thousand inhabitants. The kingdom is divided into one archbishopric and eight bishoprics. The revolution has materially reduced their incomes; but, prior to that event, the dignitaries received the following immense annual revenues:—

	Dollars.
Archbishop of Mexico . . .	130,000
Bishop of La Puebla . . .	110,000
— Valladolid . . .	100,000
— Guadalajara . . .	90,000
— Durango . . .	35,000
— Monterey . . .	30,000
— Yucatan . . .	20,000
— Oaxaca . . .	18,000
— Sonora . . .	6,000

'The canons receive from seven to nine thousand dollars, and the sub-canons, from two to four thousand dollars, each.

'The revenue of the church was derived principally from tithes. Its lands

were in value about two and-a-half millions of dollars; and it held mortgages to an immense amount, about forty millions of dollars.'

Costume of Mexican Officers.—'The grotesque figure of the colonel surprised the division. He wore a threadbare roundabout brown jacket, decorated with a quantity of tarnished silver lace, and a red waistcoat; his shirt collar, fancifully cut and embroidered, was flying open, and a black silk handkerchief was hanging loosely round his neck. He also wore a pair of short, loose, rusty, olive-coloured velveteen breeches, also decorated with lace; and round his legs were wrapped a pair of dressed deer-skins, tied under the knee by a garter. He had on a pair of country-made shoes; and on each heel was a tremendous iron spur, inlaid with silver, weighing near a pound, with rowels four inches in diameter. On his head was placed a country-made hat, with an eight inch brim, ornamented with a broad silver band, in the front of which was stuck a large picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe, inclosed in a frame, and protected by a glass. He was mounted on a fine horse, and armed with a brace of pistols, a Spanish Toledo, and an immensely long lance. His men were equipped much in the same style; but were principally clad and armed with the spoils taken from the enemy. Though these Mexican Cossacks were thus singularly and rudely equipped, they were robust-looking fellows, accustomed to hardships and severe privations, and full of courage.'

The Peasantry.—'On the vast estates of the Marquess of Jaral, extending over upwards of two hundred miles in length, the miserable labourers exist, as is customary throughout Mexico, almost entirely on tortillas and chile. No part of the earth exhibits such striking, and such monstrous contrasts of wealth and misery, as well in the country as in the cities, as Mexico. We behold the proprietor of a hacienda, decked in a style of the most costly but awkward grandeur. He has on a pair of country made boots, which cost from fifty to a hundred dollars; large spurs, inlaid with gold and silver; a superb horse, with a bridle and saddle which cost from a hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars; a cloak or mantega, richly embroidered, and full of gold or silver buttons, laces, and fringe. He lives in a spacious house, within whose walls every luxury is to be found that the country affords; but when he sallies forth, he is lost amidst a group of half-naked, badly-fed wretches, whose only dress is sheep-skins, if in the country, or if in town, their shoulders are covered by an old blanket or a sheet, serving them for a partial covering by day, and a bed at night. No species of attention is ever paid by the lord of the soil to the comfort or wants of his tenants or vassals, and a more wretched race of cultivators does not exist under the canopy of heaven,

than the Indian labourers on these estates, and in the mining districts. Twenty-five cents, or two reals, are the daily wages of a labourer; out of which pittance he has to clothe and feed himself and family, and to pay the government and parochial extortions. No wonder, therefore, that he rarely tastes of animal food. In fact, the situation of a Georgia field-negro, is superior, notwithstanding all the royal writers say to the contrary.

The last chapter of this work contains an examination of the different routes to the Pacific Ocean, and fixes on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec as the narrowest part of America, and the most favourable for forming a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. There is much sound reasoning in the author's disquisition on this subject, and on the commercial advantages of such a communication. He says,—

‘From the River Mississippi, a steam vessel could, with ease, perform a voyage to the port of Guasacualco, in *six* days. Allowing *seven* days for the transportation of property across the Isthmus, and *fifty* for the voyage to China, it will be seen that by steam navigation, a voyage could be performed from the United States to China, in *sixty-three* days. This will be more clearly evinced by the following actual computation of the distances:—

	Statute miles.
‘The ordinary route from Philadelphia to Canton.....	16,150
By steam-boat navigation and conveyance through the Isthmus of Oaxaca, from and to the same places:—	
From Philadelphia to Guasacualco.....	2,100
Passage over to Tehuantepec, by land and water.....	120
From Tehuantepec, by the islands lying nearly in the direct course to Canton—	
To the Sandwich Islands.....	3,835
Ladrone do.....	3,900
Canton.....	2,080
	— 9,815
	12,035
Actual distance saved.....	4,115
From Philadelphia to Columbia River, by the usual route of Cape Horn.....	18,261
From the same to the same, by the proposed route:—	
To Guasacualco, and over land.....	2,220
From Tehuantepec to the Columbia.....	2,760
	— 4,980
Actual distance saved.....	13,281

We consider this by far the most valuable part of Mr. Robinson's work, and containing much information on a subject highly interesting; for, although America would be most benefited by the proposed communication,

yet the advantages to Europe, and to England in particular, would be very considerable.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt. By George Tomline, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Winchester.

(Continued from p. 265.)

ON the promotion of Lord Shelburne to the head of the Treasury, in 1782, Mr. Pitt was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, although he was then little more than twenty-three years of age. He did not, like other eminent statesmen who have begun their career in the House of Commons, previously pass through the routine of subordinate office, nor did he wait until that period of life which has generally been considered as necessary to mature the judgment and to qualify even men of the most brilliant talents for the higher departments of the executive government. Mr. Pitt had not been long in office, when the new ministry wished to gain some additional strength; he positively objected to any offer being made to Lord North, but waited on Mr. Fox by appointment, to invite him to return to office:—

‘As soon as Mr. Fox heard the object of Mr. Pitt's visit, he asked whether it was intended that Lord Shelburne should remain first lord of the Treasury, to which Mr. Pitt answered in the affirmative. Mr. Fox immediately replied, that it was impossible for him to belong to any administration of which Lord Shelburne was the head. Mr. Pitt observed, that if that was his determination, it would be useless for him to enter into any farther discussion, “as he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne;” and he took his leave. This was, I believe, the last time Mr. Pitt was in a private room with Mr. Fox, and from this period may be dated that political hostility which continued through the remainder of their lives.’

The ‘very extraordinary and unnatural coalition,’ (as it has been justly termed,) of Lord North and Mr. Fox, and the result of two divisions in the House of Commons on the subject of the peace, induced the new ministry to tender their resignations. The King proposed to Mr. Pitt to succeed Lord Shelburne, as first Lord of the Treasury, with full power to nominate his colleagues; but this offer, so dazzling to a young man, was, on mature deliberation, refused; and, in March, 1783, he resigned the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Fox and North administration succeeded, and continued until, says our author, ‘the rejection of Mr. Fox's India Bill by the

House of Lords, afforded his Majesty an opportunity of removing ministers, whom he had been compelled to admit into office, but to whom he had never given his confidence.’

At this important juncture, Mr. Pitt readily accepted from his Majesty the offer of being at the head of the Treasury. Lord Temple became Secretary of State, but popular clamour compelled him to resign, three days after his appointment. This is said to be the only event of a public nature that his biographer ever knew to disturb Mr. Pitt's rest. Early in 1784, the clerkship of the Pells, a lucrative office in the gift of the first lord of the Treasury, fell vacant, when Mr. Pitt gave a noble instance of his disinterestedness. He had been urged to keep it himself, nor, considering that he was a younger son, without fortune, and held his situation very precariously, could he have been censured if he had availed himself of this opportunity to secure a permanent and adequate income; but—

‘He neither accepted the office himself, nor conferred it upon a relation or friend; nor did he dispose of it with a view of increasing his political influence—he gave it to Colonel Barré, upon condition of his resigning a pension of 3,000*l.* a-year, which was nearly equal to the value of the office; and thus a saving to that amount, was made to the public.

‘This act of patriotic disinterestedness excited no surprise in those who knew Mr. Pitt intimately; but upon others, conduct, so widely different from the practice of former ministers, could not but make a strong impression. It was frequently mentioned in both houses of Parliament, with high admiration and applause; and it certainly contributed, in no small degree, to raise his character in the public estimation, at a most important moment. Lord Thurlow, in speaking upon this subject in the House of Lords, “acknowledged, that he had been shabby enough to advise Mr. Pitt to take this office, as it had so fairly fallen into his hands; and he believed he should have been shabby enough to have done so himself, as other great and exalted characters had so recently set him the example; and he was so shabby as to think, that there was no occasion for him to tower above his noble predecessors in office, and to aspire to higher acts of disinterestedness and spirit. But Mr. Pitt, with notions of purity, not only very uncommon in these degenerate days, but scarcely paralleled in the purest times of Greece and Rome, had nobly preferred the public to the consideration of his own interest.” I saw Colonel Barré soon after this offer was made to him, and nothing could exceed the warm terms in which he spoke of it in a public view: “Sir, it is the act of a

man, who feels that he stands upon a high eminence in the eyes of that country which he is destined to govern."

Mr. Pitt began his new administration very inauspiciously, but he appears from the commencement of his political career, to have had the confidence of his Majesty, as will be seen by the following facts:—

"On the first day he [Mr. Pitt] appeared in the House of Commons, after his re-election, he was left in two minorities, the one of thirty-nine, and the other of fifty-four; and five hostile motions were carried against him. The most reproachful terms, which disappointed ambition and political animosity could suggest, were applied to his principles and his conduct; and he was denied those common civilities which had been hitherto invariably shewn to the minister of the crown. Having written to the King, at Windsor, a general account of these proceedings, he received the following answer:—"Mr. Pitt cannot but suppose that I received his communication of the two divisions in the long debate, which ended this morning, with much uneasiness, as it shews the House of Commons much more willing to enter into any intemperate resolutions of desperate men, than I could have imagined. As to myself, I am perfectly composed, as I have the self-satisfaction of feeling I have done my duty. Though I think Mr. Pitt's day will be fully taken up in considering with the other ministers, what measures are best to be proposed on the present crisis; yet, that no delay may arise from my absence, I will dine in town, and consequently be ready to see him in the evening, if he should think that would be of utility. At all events, I am ready to take any step that may be proposed to oppose this faction, and to struggle to the last period of my life; but I can never submit to throw myself into its power. If they, in the end, succeed, my line is a clear one, and to which I have fortitude enough to submit."

In another letter to Mr. Pitt, his Majesty, referring to a dissolution of Parliament as a necessary measure, thus expresses himself: "The opposition will certainly throw every difficulty in our way; but we must be men, and if we mean to save the country, we must cut those threads that cannot be unravelled. Half measures are ever puerile, and often destructive." The systematic opposition made to the new ministry in the House of Commons, and the various attempts that were made to overturn it, gave the King much uneasiness. In a letter to Mr. Pitt, written on the day that an address was to be moved in the lords, to the King, for a change of ministers, his Majesty writes,—

"I trust the House of Lords will this

day feel, that the hour is come, for which the wisdom of our ancestors established that respectable corps in the state, to prevent either the crown or the commons from encroaching on the rights of each other. Indeed, should not the lords stand boldly forth, this constitution must soon be changed; for, if the two only remaining privileges of the crown are infringed, that of negating bills which have passed both houses of Parliament, and that of naming the ministers to be employed, I cannot but feel, as far as regards my person, that I can be no longer of utility to this country, nor can with honour continue in this island." From this extract, coupled with the conclusion of his former letter, as well as from other authorities, it is evident, that the King had, at this time, serious intentions of retiring to Hanover, in case Mr. Fox and his party should prevail.

In consequence of the eagerness so often expressed in both houses of Parliament for a union of parties, Mr. Pitt advised the King to propose an interview between the Duke of Portland and himself, (Mr. Pitt,) for the purpose of endeavouring to form an administration:—

"This suggestion was received by his Majesty with considerable surprise and agitation; and the next morning he wrote to Mr. Pitt the following letter, dated Feb. 15th, 1784:—

"Queen's House, 30 m. past 10 a. m.

"Mr. Pitt is so well apprised of the mortification I feel at any possibility of ever again seeing the heads of opposition in public employments, and more particularly Mr. Fox, whose conduct has not been more marked against my station in the empire, than against my person, that he must attribute my want of perspicuity in my conversation last night, to that foundation, yet I should imagine it must be an ease to his mind, in conferring with the other confidential ministers this morning, to have on paper my sentiments, which are the result of unremitted consideration, since he left me last night, and which he has my consent to communicate, if he judges it right, to the above respectable persons.

"My present situation is, perhaps, the most singular that ever occurred, either in the annals of this or any other country; for the House of Lords, by a not less majority than near two to one, have declared in my favour; and my subjects at large, in a much more considerable proportion, are not less decided; to combat which, opposition have only a majority of twenty, or at most of thirty, in the House of Commons, who, I am sorry to add, seem as yet willing to prevent the public supplies. Though I certainly have never much valued popularity; yet I do not think it is to be despised, when arising from a rectitude of conduct, and when it is to be retained by following the same respectable path, which conviction

makes me esteem that of duty, as calculated to prevent one branch of the legislature from annihilating the other two, and seizing also the executive power, to which she has no claim.

"I confess I have not yet seen the smallest appearance of sincerity in the leaders of the opposition, to come into the only mode by which I could tolerate them in my service, their giving up the idea of having the administration in their hands, and coming in as a respectable part of one on a broad basis; and, therefore, I, with a jealous eye, look on any words dropped by them, either in Parliament, or to the gentlemen of the St. Albans Tavern, as meant only to gain those gentlemen, or, if carrying farther views, to draw Mr. Pitt, by a negotiation, into some difficulty.

"Should the ministers, after discussing this, still think it advisable, that an attempt should be made to try, whether an administration can be formed on a real not a nominal, wide basis, and that Mr. Pitt, having repeatedly, and as fruitlessly, found it impossible to get even an interview on what opposition pretends to admit is a necessary measure, I will, though reluctantly, go personally so far as to authorize a message to be carried, in my name, to the Duke of Portland, expressing a desire that he and Mr. Pitt may meet to confer on the means of forming an administration, on a wide basis, as the only means of entirely healing the divisions which stop the business of the nation. The only person I can think, from his office, as well as personal character, proper to be sent by me, is Lord Sydney; but should the Duke of Portland, when required by me, refuse to meet Mr. Pitt, more especially upon the strange plea he has as yet held forth, I must here declare that I shall not deem it right for me ever to address myself again to him.

"The message must be drawn on paper, as must every thing in such a negotiation, as far as my name is concerned; and I trust, when I next see Mr. Pitt, if, under the present circumstances, the other ministers shall agree with him in thinking such a proposition advisable, that he will bring a sketch of such a message, for my inspection.

"GEORGE R."

A message was sent to the Duke of Portland from his Majesty, expressing his earnest desire, that his grace should have a personal interview with Mr. Pitt, for the purpose of forming an administration, on fair and equal terms. The Duke objected to the word 'equal,' and Mr. Pitt refusing to explain it except at a personal interview, the negotiation was broken off.

While the House of Commons was debating, resolving, and addressing, night after night, for the purpose of driving Mr. Pitt from his office, the City of London voted him thanks for his conduct, with the freedom of the city.

Mr. Pitt dined with the Grocer's Company, and was addressed in an excellent and flattering speech by Mr. Wilkes:—

‘When Mr. Pitt returned at night, he was attended a considerable part of the way, by many respectable persons, besides an immense concourse of people. As the populace were dragging the coach, in which were himself, Lord Chatham, and Lord Mahon, up St. James's Street, opposite to a club-house, frequented by his political opponents, they were suddenly attacked by men, armed with bludgeons and broken chair poles, among whom were distinguished several members of the club; some of the mob made their way to the carriage, forced open the door, and aimed several violent blows at Mr. Pitt, from which Lord Chatham, at his own risk, was very instrumental in protecting him. At length Mr. Pitt and his companions, with great difficulty, made their escape to a neighbouring house, without any material personal injury to themselves; but their servants, and several persons who came to their assistance, were much bruised, and the carriage was nearly demolished.’

One of the most important and interesting features in these volumes, is the correspondence of his late venerable Majesty with Mr. Pitt; and we are anxious to select such points, as best illustrate the character of our revered sovereign, and shew his opinion of his ministers. In one of his Majesty's letters to Mr. Pitt, there is the following just remark:—

‘I cannot conclude without expressing my fullest approbation of the conduct of Mr. Pitt on Monday; in particular his employing a razor against his antagonists, and never condescending to run into that rudeness which, though common in that house, certainly never becomes a gentleman; if he proceeds in this mode of oratory, he will bring debates into a shape more creditable, and correct that, as well as I trust many other evils, which time and temper can only effect.’

We shall pass over the India bill, and the financial plans of Mr. Pitt for the reduction of the national debt, which are discussed at too great length, and shall conclude for the present with noticing one of Mr. Pitt's speeches in Parliament. Mr. Fox had been returned for Westminster, and Mr. Adams, in the House of Commons, spoke of the circumstance as being a glorious check to the career of ministers. Mr. Pitt, in reply to Mr. Adams, said,—

‘The ingenuity of the learned gentleman had found out, that the right honourable gentleman's (Mr. Fox's) election was almost unanimous, although they had that day been inquiring why no return had been made, and had learnt, that many

thousands voted for two other candidates. But, said the learned gentleman, the success was wonderful, considering that the right honourable gentleman had to contend with the powers of public office, with the powers of the East India Company, and with what the learned gentleman was pleased to term, popular phrenzy. “The right honourable gentleman,” said Mr. Pitt, “has to lament, that he had to contend with the powers of public office, because he endeavoured to subvert government. He has to lament, that he had to contend with the East India Company, because he endeavoured to seize upon their property, and to violate their most sacred rights, sanctioned by charters, and secured to them by statutes. And he has to lament, that he had to contend with what is termed popular phrenzy, because the people at large have seen and condemned his conduct. But what allies the right honourable gentleman had to fight for him, is not noticed. The degree of influence used in his favour has not been observed upon; nor any respect paid to those charms, which alone can supersede every other consideration among us all, and command unanimity, when nothing else could command it.” Having pursued this vein of mixed sarcasm and ridicule, Mr. Pitt took notice of Mr. Fox's glories not being confined to Westminster, but extended to the extremest corner of the island, to which the right honourable gentleman's partialities had not formerly gone:—

‘Via prima salutis,

Quod minime reris, graia pandetur ab urbe.’

His success at Ross and Kirkwall ought not, he thought, to be denied its share of praise; it was well entitled to—

‘“Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples, to which is subjoined a sketch of the immediate circumstances attending the late Revolution. By the Hon. Richard Keppel Craven. London, 1821. 4to. pp. 449.

PROPOSING to ourselves to despatch Mr. Craven and his work in one notice, and presuming that his name is already familiar to the public, as the Vice Chamberlain of her Majesty, we shall not long detain our readers with critical remarks, but endeavour to select such parts as are most novel and interesting. Mr. Craven appears to be a gentleman of polished manners, and an excellent classical scholar. With these advantages, Naples afforded him a good opportunity for observation: and he has detailed the result, in an elegant and well-written itinerary. The tour was commenced in April, 1818, and was continued during the spring and

summer of that year. The author kept a journal during the whole of his tour; and about half of the present volume was written in its present state, but without any immediate view of publication. We now proceed to our extracts.

Mr. Craven reached the city of Foggia, just after the Vardarelli band had been nearly exterminated. This band, so named from their chief and his brothers, had for about two years committed great depredations in Apulia, until at last they were allowed to form a regular corps, still commanded by the same leader, who received a monthly salary, and engaged to serve the provinces which he had so long ravaged, from all similar attacks for the future. The remains of this band had presented themselves to the general commanding at Foggia, and had an altercation with him:—

‘The general finally commanded the two leaders to repair to his own apartment to speak to them; this they objected to do without their arms, which they declared they would never part from, and it is supposed that the language they made use of in the course of their argument so exasperated the officer, that he roughly pushed one of them back, who was using threatening gestures, on which the other fired his musket at him, but having missed his mark, was shot dead on the spot by the sentry at the gate; this was the signal for an attack from his companions, that was immediately answered by a round of musketry from the troops who were drawn out close to them, which killed several and spread consternation among the crowds of towns-people who had assembled on the spot. Four of the band, who had presence of mind to spring upon their horses, escaped in different directions out of the town, though followed by cavalry and fired at as they fled. Another portion were made prisoners; but a third division sought security in a cellar, the first place of refuge which offered itself, and which, having one very low entrance, afforded them a defensible asylum for some time; the depth and darkness of this receptacle made it difficult to attack them with success, for they killed a soldier, and wounded several others who had ventured too near the aperture. Of this last desperate set, four, however, gave themselves up, and made known the number that remained. In order to bring as speedy a termination as possible to the dismay and agitation which this event had spread throughout the city, two of those who had been last taken were sent in to their companions, with their hands tied, to persuade them to surrender, and to inform them that if they persevered in a resistance, which, from the local nature of their retreat, must be unavailing, a straw fire would be lighted at the orifice,

as the only means of hastening their compliance or destruction. The unfortunate men never returned, and no answer being given, this threat was put into actual execution, and the aperture blocked up with stones. Imagination pictures their situation as most horrible; but its terrors were eluded by the last resource of despair. Two hours after, the cellar was entered without opposition, and their lifeless bodies covered with wounds, indicated the death they had received at each other's hands.*

At Polignano, our author visited the fine cave mentioned by Swinburne, and of which the *Voyage Pittoresque* gives a very beautiful plate:—

'It is an immense cavity, hollowed by the hand of time and the equally unceasing attacks of the waves in the rock on which the town is built, and the sea is admitted to it through two stupendous natural arches. Some steps, hewn in the stone, lead to a causeway constructed considerably above the level of the water, on the projecting masses of the limestone, forming the buttresses of one of these apertures; and which being furnished with a stone ballustrade and seats, admits the traveller to a distinct inspection of the interior. It derives its principal beauties from the combinations or rather contrasts of light and shade cast on the rich colour of the impending vault, or reflected in the deepest recesses of the transparent semicircular pool of sea water below. Towards the north the eye catches the windings of the shore, which, without any pretensions to a bold or picturesque outline, are sufficiently broken and diversified to add considerably to the beauties of this extended sea view.'

In the description of Ostuni, Mr. Craven gives an account of a celebrated duel, which took place in that town about the year 1664. At that period, the management of the sword was not only considered as the most fashionable and manly accomplishment, that a nobleman could possibly possess, but was generally practised by all ranks; for it is noted that even at a less remote era, the fishermen of Taranto, after their daily labours, were wont to meet in the evening, and resort to the recreation of fencing. The following details are strongly indicative of the temper and manners of the times:—

'The Count of Conversano, called also Duke of Le Noci, of the family of Aquaviva, and the Prince of Francavilla, of that of Imperiali, were the two most powerful lords in lower Apulia: the former boasted of his ancient descent, his numerous titles, and his great domains, and numbered among his predecessors a succession of nobles whose tyrannical and violent disposition had designated them as a race dreaded by their inferiors, and hated by their equals. The Prince of Francavilla was of Genoese extrac-

tion, but his family had been settled in the kingdom from the time of Charles the Fifth, and he emulated the Count in pride, while he surpassed him in wealth. Their territories joined, and the constant litigations arising out of their inordinate but ill-timed jurisdictions, were thereby superadded to the long list of mutual injuries recorded by both families. Their animosity broke out at Naples, on some trifling occasion, when they were each in their carriage, and, after a long contest of words, the Count of Conversano challenged the Prince of Francavilla to decide their difference by the sword; the latter declined this mode of combat, as ill suited to his age and infirmities, but consented to the duel if the arms might be exchanged for pistols. His antagonist, who was esteemed the best swordsman in the kingdom, insisted on his first proposal, and excited the Prince to accede to it by the application of several blows with the flat side of his weapon. An insult so grossly offered in the public streets authorised the existing government, carried on through the administration of a Viceroy, to suspend or check the consequences likely to arise, by placing the aggressor under arrest for a time, and subsequently ordering them both to retire to their respective estates. But the feelings of unsatisfied hatred and of insulted pride in the other, were not likely to be allayed by this exclusion from the world: and in a short time the Prince of Francavilla proposed a champion in his cause, in the person of his sister's only son, the Duke of Martina, of the house of Carraccioli. This young man was but just returned from his travels, and his education was not completed, so that although the Count of Conversano admitted, with a brutal anticipation of success, the substitution of this youthful adversary, it was agreed that a year more should elapse previous to the final termination of their differences, and the field of battle was fixed at Ostuni, the jurisdiction of which town had been previously claimed and disputed by both noblemen. The eyes of the whole kingdom were directed with anxious and fearful expectation towards this spot; but the wishes of the majority were entirely on the side of the Duke of Martina, whose youth, accomplishments, and amiable disposition called forth the interest of all ranks. His uncle, actuated more by the apprehensions of shame in the event of defeat, than by feelings of affection for his relative, endeavoured to insure success by the following stratagem: A gentleman, who had been some time, as was the custom in those days, a retainer in his family, left it abruptly one night, and sought the Count of Conversano's castle, into which he gained admission by a recital of injurious treatment and fictitious wrongs, heaped upon him by the tyrannical and arbitrary temper of the Prince of Francavilla. A complaint of this nature was always the passport to the Count's favour and good graces, and he not only admitted this gentleman to the full enjoyment of his princely hospitality, but having found that he was an experienced and dexterous swordsman,

passed most of his time in practising with him that art, which he soon hoped would insure the triumph he valued most on earth. A few days previous to that fixed for the duel, the guest, under pretence of paying a visit to his relatives, withdrew from the Count of Conversano's territories, and secretly returned to those of his employer; where he lost no time in communicating to his nephew all the peculiarities and advantages repeated experience had enabled him to remark in the Count's manner of fencing. The Duke of Martina was thereby taught that the only chance of success which he could look to, was by keeping on the defensive during the early part of the combat; he was instructed that his antagonist, though avowedly the most able manager of the sword in the kingdom, was extremely violent, and that if he could parry the thrusts made on the first attack, however formidable from superior skill and strength of wrist and arm, he might perhaps afterwards obtain success over an adversary, whose person, somewhat inclined to corpulency, would speedily become exhausted from the effects of his own impetuosity. The Duke of Martina, furnished with this salutary advice, and strong in the conviction of what he deemed a just cause, awaited in calm anxiety the day of battle; and the behaviour of the two combatants on the last morning strongly characterizes their different dispositions, as well as the manners and habits of the age they lived in. The Duke of Martina made his will, confessed himself, and took an affectionate leave of his mother, who retired to her oratory to pass in prayer the time her son devoted to the conflict; while the Count of Conversano ordered a sumptuous feast to be prepared, and invited his friends and retainers after the fight; he then carelessly bade his wife farewell, and brutally alluding to his adversary's youth and inexperience, remarked, *Vado a far un capretto* *. They met at the place appointed: it was an open space before a monastery of friars at Ostuni; but these good fathers, by their intercession and prayers, prevailed upon the combatants to remove to another similar plot of ground, in front of the Capuchin convent, in the same town: here the bishop and clergy, carrying the Host in solemn procession, attempted in vain to dissuade them from their bloody purpose: they were dismissed with scorn, and the duel began. It was of long duration, and afforded the Duke an opportunity of availing himself of the counsels he had received: when he found the Count began to be out of breath, and off his guard, he assumed the offensive part, and having wounded him, demanded if he was satisfied, and proposed to desist from any further hostility; but, stung to the soul by this unexpected reverse, the Count refused all offers of accommodation, and by blind revenge and redoubled animosity soon lost all command of himself, and received a second wound, which terminated the contest, together with his life. It appears that

* I am going to kill a kid, or rather to make a kid.

the Prince of Francavilla, whose principles were as little honourable as those of his adversary, and whose thirst of revenge was no less insatiable, had appointed a band of assassins to waylay and murder him on his way home, had he returned victorious from the conflict.

At Brindisi our traveller was mistaken for the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who was expected there on his way to Greece; and, notwithstanding his attempts to undeceive the commandant, as well as the abbess of the convent, yet he was reluctantly compelled to receive the homage they considered due to royalty. At the convent he was shown large cases of relics, which he was told had been given by his great-grand-father and others of his progenitors. He says,

'Among the relics which were named to me, I remember some fragments of the veil and shift of the Virgin Mary, a thumb of St. Athanasius, a tooth of the prophet Jeremiah, and some of the coals which were used to roast St. Lorenzo. Many of these memorials were offered me to kiss, and the last-mentioned articles were accompanied by the observation that they had been the means of converting a sceptic by sticking to and blistering his lip; I own I felt a sort of momentary hesitation as they were presented to mine, and withdrew them with a degree of promptitude hardly compatible with a disbelief in their verity.'

While at Brindisi and Taranto, Mr. Craven endeavoured to obtain the most satisfactory information respecting the Tarantula spider, but the Brundusians differed from the Tarentines in the account of it, both however agreeing as to the existence of the disorder, or rather mania occasioned by the bite of the Tarantula, and the means taken to remedy it. As the latter is curious, we quote it:—

'The expenditure of money and time attending the ceremonies observed in the cure of a *tarantata*, which attract the attention and form the diversion of a whole village, will account for the husband's objections to the neighbours' encouragement of them. These last, as well as the friends and relations of the party, are always apprized in due time, and invited to assist in their holiday clothes at the singular rites which are to be performed. Musicians, expert in the art, are summoned, and the patient, attired in white, and gaudily adorned with various coloured ribands, vine leaves, and trinkets of all kinds, is led out, holding a drawn sword in her hand, on a terrace, in the midst of her sympathizing friends; she sits with her head reclining on her hands, while the musical performers try the different chords, keys, tones, and tunes that may arrest her wandering attention, or suit her taste or caprice. I heard some

specimens of these preludes, which resemble unconnected pieces of recitative. The sufferer usually rises to some melancholy melody in a minor key, and slowly follows its movement by her steps; it is then that the musician has an opportunity of displaying his skill, by imperceptibly accelerating the time till it falls into the merry measure of the *pizzica*, which is, in fact, that of the tarantellas or national dance, only that, in the composition of the tarentine air, greater variety and a more polished and even scientific style is observable. She continues dancing to various successions of these tunes as long as her breath and strength allow, occasionally selecting one of the bystanders as her partner, and sprinkling her face with cold water, a large vessel of which is always placed near at hand. While she rests at times, the guests invited relieve her by dancing by turns after the fashion of the country; and when, overcome by resistless lassitude and faintness, she determines to give over for the day, she takes the pail or jar of water, and pours its contents entirely over her person, from her head downwards. This is the signal for her friends to undress and convey her to bed; after which the rest of the company endeavour to further her recovery by devouring a substantial repast, which is always prepared on the occasion.'

Among the singular effects of the earthquake at Terranova and Oppido in 1783, Mr. Craven, speaking of the former says,—

'I found a village formed of one straight street, containing 700 inhabitants, placed in the midst of ruins, which were those of a town of 13,000 souls. These present to the eye masses of masonry of immense size, scattered in all directions, and frequently retaining the forms they originally possessed, but inverted or transposed in the most extraordinary manner. A house situated 300 paces from a little river that runs in the ravine under Terranova, was slipped by the motion of the earth close to the edge of it, and though the roof and a portion of its walls fell in by the force of the shock, two of its inmates crept out unhurt. Another most singular feature in the views of Terranova is presented by one of the watch-towers of the baronial castle, which was precipitated off its base down the side of the declivity, and to this day exists in almost an entire state, with its battlements downwards. The ground sunk so much in some places that the circular shaft of a well, which was once entirely concealed by the soil, now rises to the height of six feet above the surface; its immobility during the universal commotion is attributed to the rock on which it is probably founded.'

In passing from Monteleone to Nicastro, our author deviated from the road to visit Il Pizzo, to visit the spot where the unfortunate Joachim Murat terminated his eventful life. The par-

ticulars of this event are familiar to the public; and we therefore pass them over, to quote the description of Murat's Court, in the time of his kingly power.

'The splendour of Murat's court, perhaps the most brilliant in Europe at the period I allude to, as greatly exceeded the rank he held among other sovereigns, as the appointment and numbers of his troops were disproportioned to the resources and population of the kingdom; and both were characteristic of that indiscriminately profuse disposition which could reward the merits of an opera dancer upon the same scale of liberality with the services of a general or a minister of state.

'His wife, with the same high notions of magnificence, was by no means so injudiciously generous; and had they not both too blindly followed a system of deceit, which, though sometimes successfully adapted to subordinate political negotiations cannot be applied with equal advantage to all times and exigencies, they might perhaps have preserved some remnants of that station to which fortune had exalted them, or at least have descended to the level of mediocrity by less perilous gradations.

'A celebrated statesman said of some intriguing diplomat, '*Il croit qu'il trompe parcequ'il ment*;' and this conviction seemed nowhere so strongly rooted as in the habits of these individuals.

'On the evening that saw the departure of Joachim from the walls of Naples, which he was destined never again to behold, he ordered the publication of a constitution dated six weeks before; and at the moment he was entering the carriage of one of his attendants, for the purpose of secret escape, Madame Murat was gravely announcing to his confidential friends and advisers his determination to collect a few scattered troops still left in the capital, and make one last effort to arrest the progress of the enemy. When, a fortnight previous to this, the defeat of the Neapolitan troops at Macerata was already known in the metropolis, a bulletin, said to be written with a pencil by Murat's own hand on the field of battle, announced a complete victory, and the capture of several pieces of cannon.

'At the time that the Austrians were already in full march towards Naples, the queen regent, as she was called, reviewed the civic guard with extraordinary grace and spirit, and assured them that a few more days would liberate them from all the hardships and dangers attached to the discharge of their functions; and the last minutes she passed in the palace were employed in graciously requesting some favourites to attend her breakfast the following morning, an injunction which was followed by her immediate removal to the ship from which she never again stepped on the Neapolitan shore.

'The aspect presented by the interior of the royal residence on this day was as extraordinary as it was novel to a spectator, accustomed to see it only in its gala trim. The courts were full of servants

tumultuously demanding the arrears of their wages, and taking earnest of future payment in the seizure of the horses belonging to the establishment. The long corridors and galleries, untenanted by guards and liveried menials, presented no obstacles to the few visitors whom interest or curiosity attracted towards the closing scene of this drama. The kingly apartment itself, still adorned with the ponderous spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, relieved by Lyons' embroidery and India muslins, was obstructed by large packing cases, and its mosaic pavements soiled by the dirty footsteps of porters and carriers, and strewn with wisps of hay or paper shavings. The ladies in waiting, accoutred in the usual costly garb of attendance, were gnawing a few chicken bones, the scanty remains of the day's single meal; and, lastly, the indefatigable occupier of the tenement, decked out in all the elegance and *recherche* of the last Parisian fashions, and preserving the careless smile of assumed complacency, strangely contrasted with haggard eyes and care-worn cheeks, was variously employed in packing up jewels, distributing money, dictating letters, and receiving or dismissing visitors with all the minute distinction of courtly etiquette.

Our limits will only permit us to give one more extract: it is the authors account of the much talked of, and it would appear much abused Carbonari.

'The late revolution has been ascribed to the persevering efforts of this sect; and their avowed co-operation towards promoting this ephemeral event, has been one of the principal arguments laid hold of by its opponents for the necessity of resisting its progress. That the efforts of this society have been directed to the attainment of a representative system of government, can no more be denied than that they have been eminently successful; but that in so doing they assumed an exclusive agency in the affairs of state, and must, therefore, be regarded in the light of a faction, is not admissible. It should, therefore, be observed, that if the Carbonari do not constitute the positive numerical majority of the Neapolitan nation, which is a matter of some doubt, they include in their ranks that portion of the population which, from their acquirements, property, habits, and relative situation in the body politic of the country, must ever give a decided preponderance to whatever part they assume.' 'The classes wherein this sect has made the least advancement are the higher divisions of nobility, and the most abject among the populace.' 'The description of individuals filling up the vast chasm between these two extremes, must be admitted to rank as a body, whose employments, labours, and local knowledge, contribute more largely to the welfare of the community; and of these I should not hesitate to affirm that the great portion are Carbonari.'

'This association may be compared to a chain, the links of which are so constructed, and well-fitted to each other, that, however totally they might be separated in their junction by accidental circumstances, re-union may be produced amongst any of their number. The several portions need only be brought in contact to insure adhesion, and a continuation of those energies inherent to its original formation. The mode in which these joints are connected may be exemplified in the following anecdote, the authenticity of which I can vouch for.

'Two itinerant traders in cattle were returning from the province of Abruzzo with the successful fruits of their speculations, and, within a few hours of their home, were stopped by a *comitiva* of five brigands; in the course of the short parley that preceded the delivery of their money, one of them happened by some fortunate signal, to betray himself as a Carbonaro to the captain of the gang, who immediately taking him aside, asked if his companion belonged to the sect, and being answered in the negative, thought himself at liberty to despoil the one of his gains, while, out of sympathy to the other, he limited his depredations to the sum of ten ducats. They parted; and the sufferer having observed the secret conference, which had ended so favourably for his fellow traveller, suspected the truth; and, after obtaining an avowal of it, determined on becoming a Carbonaro the moment an opportunity should present itself. This occurred that very evening. The sectarian easily found a sufficient number of initiated to form an assembly, possessed in number and rank with the authority competent to admit the proselyte according to the established rules of the body. He returned to his own house, so elated with what he deemed an unfailing badge of security against all future attacks from robbers, that, in the moment of surprise and exultation, he heedlessly informed his wife of the occurrences of the day. Full of the prejudices purposely disseminated among the lower orders against this sect, the woman returned this mark of confidence with a volley of reproaches and lamentations, accusing him of having entered into a compact with the infernal powers, of having forsaken his God, and thereby subjected himself to excommunication in this world, and eternal punishment in the world to come. His endeavours to pacify her were for a long time ineffectual, nor would she be restored to tolerable composure, till, in expiation of his criminal imprudence, she had with horror thrown his breeches, containing the diploma of his reception, and a catechism enumerating the duties of his new profession, into the fire. The next morning she determined to go to the justice of peace, and inform him of what had passed. Having found the fatal documents in the chimney, where she had probably caused them to fall from the pocket in which they were deposited before the flames could

destroy them, carried them with her as vouchers for the authenticity of her information. The justice of peace admitted her in private, and having heard the complaint, and received the fatal papers, told her that he would give her husband so salutary a remonstrance, that he would answer for his breaking off all future connexion with the hateful and impious sect to which he had so imprudently attached himself: and that he would moreover pursue the miscreants with all the severity their conduct deserved. This satisfied the wife, who having left the diploma and catechism in the hands of the justice, sent her husband to receive the promised admonition; but this consisted in a serious caution with regard to future discretion, and an offer to preserve the papers in his own possession, as himself holding one of the highest distinctions among the ranks of the society in question.

'It is evident from this narrative, that, notwithstanding the circumspection usually observed by the order, respecting the admission of fresh members, it is impossible that they should all prove as unexceptionable in point of character, as the general rule enjoins; but, though the recommendation of an initiated Carbonaro in favour of a proselyte cannot be rejected, unless upon objections the most unequivocal, a singular minuteness of investigation is followed with regard to the habits and dispositions of those whose merits point them out no valuable additions to the community. The arts practised to obtain the accession of such individuals, testify the importance attached to it; and bespeak a system of ingenious perseverance worth recording. Should any young man distinguish himself by regularity of conduct, sobriety of temperament, but more especially by superiority of understanding, he is as sure to attract the notice and call forth the attention of the Carbonari, as they are certain to succeed in the final attainment of their object.

'The nameless, but numerous, offices of good fellowship, which, in a life of early labour, are frequently required to smooth its difficulties and assist its progress, will never be withheld from such an individual. He will at all times readily find new implements to supply the place of those his industry has rendered no longer serviceable, assistance to complete his unfinished tasks, and protection, and even pecuniary aid, when he is in need of either. The hand of friendship and cordiality will be extended to him, and every ear will become the depository of his confidence, as readily as every lip will convey the consolations of sympathy, or the precepts of salutary counsel. Sometimes a different, but as efficacious a system is followed by purposely leading the object into temporary difficulties, and imposing everlasting obligation by extricating him from them.'

The work contains several well executed engravings by Heath, from designs by the author.

The Fall of the Angels. A Sacred Poem. 8vo. pp. 68. London, 1821.

WHATEVER opinion may be entertained of the merits of this poem, it must be admitted, that the author possessed no ordinary degree of courage when he ventured on a subject which has been consecrated by the immortal muse of Milton. We must, however, condemn it as one among the many instances we meet with of mis-directed ambition; and this poem, destitute as it is of poetical merit, labours under the additional disadvantage (if there can be any) of being subjected to a comparison with an epic, which has been the subject of universal admiration. The Fall of the Angels was scarcely greater than that of the subject from the pen of Milton to the hands of the present author, who has ventured on a theme to which his powers are totally incompetent. We are loath to make an extract, but we must enable our readers to judge of the truth of our remarks; we shall, therefore, quote the temptation of Eve, merely observing that the devil and the serpent must renounce all title to cunning and subtlety, if, united, they furnish no better evidence of their talents than our author has assigned them:—

‘The leaves are rustling, and at last appears
A form glittering with scales of thousand
lights;

Slowly its pointed head it lofty rears,
And thus with words deceives, with hope
delights:

“O Mother of a race, that on the future throws
A spell and power o’er all thro’ which life ed-
dying flows!

O first alike in beauty and in race!
God’s proudest work, decking the flowery
earth

With what e’en heaven might adorn and
grace!

Fairest enchantress! creature of light
mirth!

“Why should you sigh and grieve alone be-
low?

Is it because your lover stays away,
And seeks to pierce the hidden cause’s flow?
Then change at once your darkness into
day.

This fruit, that seems, denying, half to woo the
sight,

At once lifts up the veil that shuts his eyes
from light.

That you might show your love unto your
mate,

By daring ill to fall upon your head,
Made God forbid this tree; on you now wait
Your husband’s hopes; they soon for e’er
are fled.”

The demon, lurking in the serpent’s coil,
Spoke cheating thus; and Eve, with hur-
ried pace,

Rush’d to the tree and fell within his toil.
Then flash’d his eye with pride, with joy his
face.

“Now may the wondrous God, who boasts his
sovereign power,
Own me his foe; nor let his brow contemptu-
ous lower,

If I too boast, who’ve mock’d his kind in-
tent

Of making us in human forms reside,
And there do penance and in tears repent,
For what we did when sitting by his side.”

The serpent’s hollow coil fell lifeless down.—
On Adam and on Eve’s mind sickening
burst

The certainty of toil and sickness, shown
In a dead vision, where they seemed curst,
And where Envy, Revenge, and Malice sport-
ing danced

Around a bloody form, that seem’d in thought
entranced.

While, looking upon weapons black with
gore,

Its silent finger beckon’d Love and Hate
To come and take from the red muddy floor
A dagger to fulfil the bitter fate.”

If, after this, our readers wish to see
what has been made of such a sub-
ject, let them turn to the Para-
dise Lost; they will then think less

of Eve’s weakness, when they see
the matchless art by which Milton has
made her assailed. The stanzas we

have quoted are a fair specimen of the
poem; we could have selected many
worse, and we are not aware that there

are many better.

Original Communications.

PLAGIARISMS

OF

BARRY CORNWALL.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—As a correspondent in a con-
temporary journal has lately favoured
the public with some animadversions
upon the writings of Lord Byron, and
accused him of being guilty of plagia-
rism to a great extent, I trust I shall
be excused in claiming the attention of
your readers to a poet, if not of equal
celebrity in point of talent, yet quite so
in public attraction,—I mean Mr. Bar-
ry Cornwall. I have persused his trage-
dy of *Mirandola* within these few days,
and herewith send you a few, out of the
many similar instances of Plagiarism
he has been guilty of.

In act 1, sc. 3, the duke says to Isi-
dora,—

‘But we must play our part, my sweet one, in
this silly world.’

And in Shakespeare’s *Merchant of
Venice*, act 1, we have—

‘I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part.’

Also, in page 19, the Duke says to
Isidora:—

‘There’s not an hour
Of day or dreaming night, but I am with thee.’

And we find in *Troilus and Cressida*,
act 4,—

‘O, Cressida! but that the busy day
Wak’d by the lark, hath roused the ribald
crows,

And dreaming night, will hide our joys no lon-
ger,’ &c.

In act 3, sc. 2, Casti says to Julio,
in the banqueting-room, speaking of
a girl—

‘Like a young rose opening slowly,
Kissed by the breath of May.’

Milton, in his *Ode on the Nativity*,
writes—

‘The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist.’

In act 4, sc. 2, the duke, on Isabella
requesting an interview for Guido, says,
inter alia—

‘We will meet—hereafter;
In the world, never—in the grave, perhaps.

* * * there, friends and foes

Meet without passions, and the SICKLY light
That glimmers thro’ the populous homes of
death,

Will be enough to find us,’ &c.

Blair, in his grave, says—

‘Here friends and foes

Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.’

And again,—

‘The sickly taper

‘By glimmering thro’ thy low brow’d misty
vaults.’

In act 5, sc. 2, in the interview in
the garden, between Guido and Isi-
dora, the former says,—

‘There is a period in the days of men,
Beyond which they never thrive. I have seen
mine:

Now all is darkness and decay.’

And in *Julius Cæsar*, act 4, we
read,—

‘There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.’

After mentioning only these few
plagiarisms, I hope I have sufficiently
shown the originality of Mr. Barry
Cornwall’s genius, as far as relates to
Mirandola, and have also, I trust,
brought forward an instance to the no-
tice of the writer, who has with such vi-
rulence attacked Lord Byron, that if
we examine too closely the productions
of poets of the present day, we shall
be able to find but few who have not,
either through accident or design,
culled some little from the extensive
field of poetry to adorn their own.

I have no wish to hurt the ‘fair
fame’ of Mr. Barry Cornwall, and I
beg he will not consider these remarks
as invidious; if my Lord Byron has
been dragged before the public on a
charge of such weighty nature as pla-
giarism, surely Mr. Barry Cornwall,

being likewise an author and a poet, cannot complain of appearing in a similar character in the *present instance*.

'Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me in his most generous thought.'

A. G.

PORTRAITS OF LIVING Dissenting Ministers,

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

No. III.

LOV. *They are set here for examples.*

CHAM. *True, they are so.*

Hen. 8.

Each hath his place and function to attend.

Hen. 6.

REV. J. P. SMITH, D. D. HOMERTON COLLEGE.

From his cradle he was a scholar, and a ripe
and good one; fair spoken and prevailing.

Hen. 8. act 4.

REV. ROWLAND HILL, A. M. SURREY CHAPEL.

Witty and courteous;—liberal and full of spirit.

Hen. 6.

REV. T. SMITH, PENZANCE, CORNWALL.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my
hearts; yare, yare,
Yare; take in the top-yard; tend to the mas-
ter's whistle.

This gallant which thou seest

Was in the wreck; and but he's something
stain'd

With grief, thou might'st call him a goodly
person:

He hath lost his fellows,

And strays about to find them. *Tempest, sc. 2.*

REV. C. F. STEINKOPFF, D. D. SAVOY.

A bounteous mind indeed;

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;

His dew falls every where. *Hen. 8. sc. 3.*

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, MISSIONARY TO
AFRICA, &c.

That is thy charge: go quick away,—

I long to hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely. *Tempest, act 5.*

At his return, no doubt, he will requite it.

Hen. 8. act 2.

REV. J. EVANS, D. D. ISLINGTON.

Fame, at the which he aims,

In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd.

Coriol. act 1. sc. 1.

REV. T. THORPE, BRISTOL.

Of very reverend reputation, sir,

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that lives here.

Comedy of Errors, act 5, s. 1.

REV. MR. BENNET, ROTHERHAM.

A solemn air, and the best comforter

To an unsettled fancy.

Tempest.

REV. B. RAYSON, SOMER'S TOWN.

He reads much;

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men.

Julius Caesar, act 1, s. 2.

REV. T. LEWIS, Highbury.

An honourable conduct let him have,

This union promiseth a mighty fruit.

King John, act 1. sc. 1.

REV. JOHN LEIFCHILD, KENSINGTON.

The force of his own merit makes his way.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason

Why we ascribe it to him.—*Troilus & Cress.*

REV. J. GRIFFIN, PORTSEA.

One that in all obedience makes the church

The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen

That holy duty out of dear respect.

Hen. 8, act 5, s. 1.

REV. E. J. JONES, SILVER STREET.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease

While they behold a greater than themselves.

Julius Caesar, act 1, s. 2.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the
church: for I do live at my house, and my

house doth stand by the church.

I know my places well.

Twelfth Night, act 3, s. 1.

But let desert in pure election shine.

All's Well.

The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing.

Sonnet, 87.

REV. MR. COX, A. M. HACKNEY.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice.

Pass. Pilgr. v. 3.

REV. ALEX. FLETCHER, MOORFIELDS.

I'll wrestle with thee in the strength of love.

Ibid.

ABIG. PYM, SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Privileg'd by my place and message

To be a speaker.

Troilus, act 4, s. 4.

REV. J. M. INNES, CAMBERWELL.

O! he sits high in all the people's hearts!

Julius Caesar, act 1, s. 3.

IO SONO.

Fine Arts.

PAINTINGS IN WATER COLOURS.

'With many fair and princely qualities,
That in his clear morn no attention drew;
Now

all men look to him.'

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE quotation, (from perhaps the second dramatic writer that this country ever produced,) with which we have headed this paper, was suggested by the consideration of the rapid progress which the art of painting in water colours has, within these few last years, made in the estimation of the lovers of British talent—a progress which, urged, as it has been, by the most forcible principles of truth, is by no means to be considered in after ages as the evanescent blaze of fashionable enthusiasm, or the smoky embodying of popular de-

lusion. Of the obstructing prejudices which were necessarily to be cut away before the march of this new or newly rising system,—of the ill-will which it was forced to encounter, before that victory could be obtained, which has placed it so high among the handmaids of the arts of design,—the public is already fully aware. It remains but to state, that an exhibition was, perhaps, never presented to the public, concentrating, in so bright a focus, the various excellencies of which this branch of painting is capable. An additional circumstance may also be adduced, which we are confident our readers will learn with pleasure; we allude to the resumption of the original intention of the society, in confining the exhibition to works executed in water colours alone. After premising thus much, we shall not any longer delay offering our opinions on some few of the pieces now laid before the public eye. Among the few productions of his pencil, with which Mr. Pugin has favoured us in the present exhibition, there are some of particular merit, especially his 'Guildhall,' No. 2; his 'Library, at Cashio-bury,' No. 48; and his view from the 'Quai de Louvre,' No. 26; in the last of which, however, we observed a want of solidity in the shadows, which may be met with, in a slighter degree, in the generality of this artist's works, though, in this instance, it probably arose from its intended publication through the means of the graver. We would not willingly pass over Miss Byrne's exquisite studies of 'Flowers and Fruits,' Nos. 49, 52, 56, and 167, which are fine specimens of colouring, shadowing, and tasteful arrangement. There are several pieces by Christall, some of which, the figures, display great talent; the landscapes are in his usual hard, yet ineffective style; indeed, his system seems to us to be fundamentally defective, bold without force, and rapid without effect, uniting the opposite extremes of hardness and washiness, of daring and insipidity, and soaring from the common track only to sink into puerility. In figure drawing, he certainly possesses great powers of excellence, and we think that his 'Unloading Peat,' No. 79; and his 'Second Study from Crabbe's Parish Register,' No. 128, would be of infinite service in the world of taste, if their success could induce him to adopt subjects of that nature in his future works. Several views, by Prout, pleased us highly, as they display, in a very favourable light, his rich and artist-like execution, as well

as great discrimination in his choice of subjects fitted to his peculiar genius. We would, however, wish to see a greater attention paid to the ærial perspective, as well as a modification of that peculiar love for certain principles of the picturesque, which is too apt to lead him into exaggeration and a species of pictorial bombast. We allude to his excessive use of rich browns, and to the unmerciful breaking up of his objects to give them an air of ruin. These licenses must not be too frequent; and, like the use of antiquated words in poetry, their employment should be confined to what Burns, speaking of his Scottish Dialect, used to call a 'tender sprinkling,' and, on no account, to be scattered with such profusion as is observable in the performances of Mr. Prout, and a remarkable example of which, occurs in his 'Blore Church,' No. 19. Varley's composition from the 'Bride of Abydos,' No. 72, the picture which received the premium, is a performance highly creditable both to the talents of the artist and to the imaginative powers of poesy, with which he has entered upon his subjects, and by which he has been guided in this picture, where we find the embodied essence which he has extracted from the impalpable, yet delicious breathings of the lovely garden of poetic creation, which blooms in the concluding canto of Lord Byron's poem.

There are a considerable number of fine pieces by G. F. Robson, in his very best style, and executed with all that brilliancy, yet chasteness of colour,—that breadth, yet transparency of shade,—that minuteness of detail, yet general effect,—that spirited delineation of the near objects, accompanied as it is by the most receding softness of the off-skip, which will ever place him among the first water-colour painters that this country has produced. A favourite misty effect has often been objected to him, but we confess we are not aware of any instance in which it has been improperly introduced, and we think that the instantaneous recognition of his works, which we invariably feel, arises not from any mannerism or objectionable peculiarity of style, but solely from his superior nature and fidelity in each branch of scientific delineation. His 'Lated Traveller,' from Shakespeare, No. 5, is, in our estimation, very superior to the same subject by Copley Fielding, No. 158, both in conception and in execution, which we do not think is in an equal style to many of his other paintings in this year's

exhibition. We would particularly refer to his 'Scene in Greenwich Park,' No. 83, which, with a little too much profusion of browns in the foreground, may be ranked among the highest of water-colour paintings. We would also refer (our limits will not allow us more) to the 'Mill at Dolgelly,' No. 77; 'The Ground-swell in the Sea,' No. 86; 'Eastwere Bay, with Shakespeare's Cliff,' No. 170, as fine specimens of Mr. Fielding's talents, and noble examples of the pitch of perfection to which this species of painting may be wrought. Many beautiful architectural drawings of C. Wild, form a prominent feature in the exhibition, and it is with sorrow we find that our limits at present will not permit us to do other than speak in general terms of their chasteness of colouring, their fidelity of perspective, their accuracy of detail, and their grand composition taken generally. No. 21, 'The Arrival of the Steam-Packet at Southampton,' by Gastineau, struck us as a beautiful and natural delineation of a common but seldom-attempted moonlight effect. 'A View at Stratford, and of the Church by Moonlight,' we find without a name in the catalogue of the exhibition; it is No. 183, and from its superior softness and delicacy, strengthened as it is by a proper admixture of the vigorous, as well as from its general execution, we conclude that it is by Robson. We will now conclude, with the wish, that the future opportunities we may have of marking the progress of this society, may be as much superior to the present in themes for admiration, as the present is to those exhibitions which preceded it. Let the society, successful as they have already been, recollect—

'That the lofty point which does appear
To him who stands below the mountain's top,
Is, to the daring climber who hath reach'd it,
Only a breathing place, from whence he sees
The real summit bright and heav'n illum'd,
Towering majestic grand above him, far
As is the lofty spot on which he stands,
To the dull plain below.' W. H. PARRY.

London was never so rich in Exhibitions, as at the present moment; and many of them present attractions, well worthy the notice and patronage of the public. Independent of Mr. Belzoni's curious facsimiles of ancient art, we have numerous splendid displays of living genius. Mr. Glover's exhibition of Oil and Water Colour Paintings, which opened on Monday, contains no fewer than ninety one pictures; the whole of these, with the exception of

half a dozen, are from the prolific pencil of Mr. Glover, whose talents as a landscape painter, place him in the first rank of living artists. Mr. Ward has a large Allegorical Painting of the battle of Waterloo, thirty-five feet by twenty-one. It has been painted by order of the Directors of the British Institution, and is intended for Chelsea College. The Exhibition of the Royal Academy opens on Monday, with a larger collection than in any preceding year; and including some of the productions of our most eminent painters. Mr. Hosland will also open his gallery next week, in which, among other pictures, is a large view of Richmond.—All these will have due notice, in our ensuing numbers.

Original Poetry.

NAPLES.

'Tis done—the struggle's past—the slaves retired

Into their lurking holes, and o'er their hills
The tinkling toscin of their chains resound,
And echo tells it to the weeping world.

Oh Heaven! on what a proud, an envied height
Of awful grandeur stood the patriot band,
While Freedom o'er them spread her parent wings,

To guard them from the pouncing eagle's rage;
And Europe in the breathless silence stood
Of panting Hope, her lance half pois'd in air,
Ready to strike Oppression's plundering hordes,
And lay them in the dust. But they retired,
Base trembling dastards, from the bloodless fight;
Retired—the laugh, the scorn, e'en of slaves,
And left their names a mock-word to mankind.

Is there a cheek that boasts the beard of manhood,

But reddens into shame? Is there a heart
That feels the vital current warm its core,
But freezes at the thought? Is there an ear
But turns with horror from the sick'ning tale?
Rise, Etna! disembody your hottest fires,
Spread one wide waste of desolation round,
And make them perish; let no vestige stand
Of the base race, who, to preserve an hour
Of worthless life, slunk from the glorious war
Of freedom, and resigned their necks to chains.
Oh, had they stood—but one poor effort stood,
Their's was the praise of ages, and mankind
To latest times, the dread necessity
Which made them yield would curse. The glorious sparks,

Electric playing round the sacred brow
Of Freedom's goddess, on the smiling hills
Which bound the Tagus, would, with double lustre,

Illume their sky, and o'er their green sward graves,

The future patriot would, with holy zeal,
Sigh at their fate. G. A. N.

TO ELIZA,

With a Rose, on the First of May, the Sixteenth
Anniversary of her Birth Day.

THE beauties of sixteen display
Of fleeting life the flowery May,
When roses bloom on beauty's cheek,
And smiling lilies clothe her neck,—

And loves and graces round her fling
The choicest gifts of balmy spring:
Those flowers of life are thine, dear maid,
But flowers flourish but to fade—
The bloom of youth, the rose of May,
Alike soon wither and decay.

But there's a flower that never dies,
That blooms beneath all sorts of skies,
In frost, in sunshine, and in shower,—
And virtue is that lovely flower.—

Be thine, my fair, that flower that blows
In vernal gales and winter snows,
And gives to age's wrinkled brow,
Beauties that youth could ne'er bestow.

1821.

AULD DOMINIE.

THE FASHIONS.

To —.

You may say what you please, in your letters
to me,

About the black smoke with which London
is crown'd,—

But where can a stripling such gaiety see—

O! where can such fashion and folly be
found?

But fashion, you know, is excusable now,

Since folly's a thing that but few are with-
out:—

He rings all his bells, and the music, I vow,

Has the charm to lead thousands, in London,
about!

But talking of fashion reminds me, that I

Made a promise to give you—'Well, what?'
you will say,—

Some hints about dresses,—'tis foolish to try,

For my masculine muse has no talent that
way.

Well: the fashion was once—but the time is
gone by—

For ladies to have their waists frightfully high;

Up under the arms, (which the ancients, alack!

Were so rude as to say was the top of the back,)

And women, the wrong side of sixty, used then

To excite—in a veil—the delight of young men.

But now,—what a change!—and some say for
the best,

In the manner that ladies prefer to be drest,—

Almost to the hips have the waists slid down,

And age is becoming the charm of the town;

I mean in appearance—for all that I see,

Look as if they were verging on seventy-three!

And, then, on their heads such a mountain is
tost

Of bonnet and feathers,—the former so wide,

That the face in the spacious vacuity's lost,

Like a pebble that sleeps in the fathomless
tide!

You've seen a tree stand on the slope of a plain,

Whose branches would cover an acre of
ground?—

Well, then, on my life—as I hope to remain

In your friendship, which I such a treasure
have found,

'Till time clips the wings of my muse—I de-
clare,

The feathers that fashion says ladies must wear,

Are nearly as large, and they flutter and fly,

Like a pendant, in every breeze that goes by.

As Charles is a bit of a dandy, just say

That he, to look something like dons of the day,

Must get him a sort of a comical hat,

The brim of which all the way round should be
flat—

Like one that has long been exposed to the wet;

And a coat—if he wishes a pattern to set

To your town—should be long, very long in
the waist,

And button'd so tightly as if it were braced,—
With a collar as large as his poney has on,
When he in a gig a long journey is drawn.
I could tell you much more—but time presses
me so,—

And I have a terrible distance to go:

I shall touch on the parks, when I scribble
again,—

So, with many kind wishes—God bless you,
till then. WILFORD.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The Lord Chancellor, who has a great aversion to theatrical disputes, has referred the question respecting Lord Byron's tragedy to the Courts of Law: Mr. Elliston, in the mean time, being, by the consent of all parties permitted to perform it; it has been represented the first four nights in the week.

We confess we shall be glad to see this question of copyright decided, although, so far as relates to the tragedy of *Marino Faliero*, it will be of no consequence: for it has not attracted good houses, and has gone off heavily. It is a fine tragic poem, but it has neither been happily abridged for the stage, nor is this the time when tragedy can be expected to be very successful.

COVENT GARDEN.—The tragedy of *Virginus* was performed on Monday night, when the part of Virginia was sustained, for the first time, by Miss Beaumont, who, to great personal charms, united much good taste and fine feeling. If she did not equal Miss Foote in the dignity of the character, she gave to it more of feminine tenderness.

Lord Byron, in the preface to his tragedy, says, he never saw Miss O'Neil; having determined to see nothing, which should divide or disturb his recollection of Mrs. Siddons: this is an elegant compliment to both these distinguished females. Although we would not, like his Lordship, have foregone the pleasure of seeing Miss O'Neil, yet we would almost wish never to see another Juliet, as our recollection of her excellence in the character, almost unfits us for judging of any successor, by continually presenting to our minds that 'divine perfection of a woman.' Miss Dance appeared, for the first time, as Juliet, on Monday night; and played the part much better than that of Belvidera, although neither of them justify the expectations which her Mrs. Haller had created. In the garden scene Miss Dance was very successful, and in all those where tenderness and affection predominate. It can scarcely be expected, that much novelty could be

given to a character so often represented; but there were some touches in Miss Dance's Juliet, of great natural effect. Mr. Charles Kemble played Romeo, with his usual spirit.

We did not make any remark on the *marche aérienne* of Sieur Davoust, considering it as only intended for the holidays, but we cannot avoid censuring the Managers, for another of their novelties, introduced this week, which would have been in its place at Greenwich or Bartholomew Fairs. The way in which the play-bills announced their new performance is curious. It was to consist of—'exercises of grace, strength, and agility, and attitudinal imitations of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, by the two Hercules of France, the Sieurs Decour and Ebrayat.' The two worthies, who were of very disproportionate size, certainly did exhibit proofs of strength, and some agility; but, as for 'exercises of grace,' heaven bless the mark! there was not the slightest portion, and the man no more imitated the celebrated statues of antiquity, than a village stone cutter could imitate the divine productions of Phidias or Praxiteles. The exhibition was a disgrace to the theatre.—The audience felt so, and condemned it.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Our good friend Mathews continues his travels in air, earth, and water, three times a-week, with the most triumphant success. He is a most amusing fellow, and we know of no one, of whom it can be so truly said, 'his life is laughter, and mirth is so mixt up in him, that nature might stand up, and say to all the world,—This is an actor.'

SADLER'S WELLS.—We are pleased at witnessing the popularity, which the performances at this theatre are rapidly attaining. Since our last notice, Mr. Wilkinson has appeared in the character of Popeseye, in a burletta, entitled *More Frightened than Hurt*; which his uncommon comic powers enable him to perform to the infinite satisfaction of the auditory.

EUROPEAN SALOON, King Street, St. James's. Miss Macauley has resumed her entertainments with success, and has announced Morning Readings of the best plays of the elder dramatists, commencing with Massinger's *Duke of Milan*.

M. Alexandre, whose vocal illusions were a strong attraction at the Olympic, during the holiday week, is now exhibiting at the European Saloon, with the same success which has attended him in other parts of the metropolis.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Mutability of Human Greatness.—

In the year 1504, the master of the ceremonies of Pope Julius the Second, ranked the powers of Europe as follows:—

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------|
| 1. Germany | 13. Bohemia |
| 2. Rome | 14. Poland |
| 3. France | 15. Denmark |
| 4. Spain | 16. Venetian R. |
| 5. Arragon | 17. Brittany |
| 6. Portugal | 18. Burgundy |
| 7. England | 19. Bavaria |
| 8. Sicily | 20. Brandenburg |
| 9. Scotland | 21. Saxony |
| 10. Hungary | 22. Austria |
| 11. Navarre | 23. Savoy |
| 12. Cyprus | 24. Florence. |

Since this memorable period, what is now the proud imperial city of Rome, whose frown spread terror and dismay throughout the civilized world? Scarcely a speck in the scale of nations. The same question with regard to a majority of the kingdoms and principalities, which, at that period, shone with splendour in the political constellation, and which have since bid 'farewell, a long farewell, to all their greatness.' Neither Russia nor Prussia appears upon the list; they were, at that time, of too little importance to assume a rank among civilized nations.

Longevity.—We are assured that the following remarkable instance of longevity has been authenticated by the parish register:—William Gilbert, born in the parish of Kingston, near Hereford, on the 8th of December, 1702, is now living and in good health. He worked for many years as a hedger.

Agriculture.—An eminent French writer has said very justly—'the agriculture of France, and that of every people on the globe, does not reach its proper point of improvement, until it produces, at the smallest expense possible, the largest useful crops in the year, without any naked fallows, except in some extraordinary cases of rare occurrence.'

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Parry's 'Critique on Miss Dance,' the Continuation of Ruding's Coinage, and several other articles, are again unavoidably deferred. W. B. L. in our next.

The favours of Y. F., ** M., AULD DOMINIE, and D. M. are received.

We have so often to trespass on the indulgence of our Correspondents for delay in insert-

ing their favours, that we feel much pleasure in announcing to them and the public, that Everybody's communication shall certainly appear in our next number.

Erratum: p. 271, col. 1, l. 7 from bottom, for 'March Aurienne' read 'marche aérienne.'

PERRY'S SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

It having been intimated by several Individuals, that some remarks in a recent advertisement by M. Dufief, are directly levelled at Mr. Perry; Mr. P. embraces this opportunity to declare, that there is no similarity whatever between his System and that of Mr. Dufief; and that, should there appear, when Mr. Perry's System is disclosed, any similarity whatever between it and Mr. D.'s, he will forego every advantage that may arise from teaching it;—he will forfeit, in all instances, the required premium and all claim to originality.

This day is published, 15s. boards,

DE RENZEY; or, The MAN of SORROW. A Novel in Three Volumes, 12mo. By R. N. KELLY, Esq.

Printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Court, Ludgate Street; and Bell and Broadfute, Edinburgh.

In the Press,

MINSTREL LOVE. A Provincial Legend, in Three Books, from the German of Baron de la Motte Fouque, Author of 'Undine,' 'Sintram,' &c.

Under the Patronage of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Alexander.

COUNT THEODORE TOLSTOY, Honorary Member of the Imperial Academy of Arts, has determined to publish

A COLLECTION OF TWENTY BAS-RELIEFS, in Plaster of Paris, representing the Principal Events of the Glorious Campaigns of 1812, 1813, 1814. Amongst the subjects are the Battles of Borodino, the Beresina, Coulm, Leipsic, Fere-Champenoise, and Taking of Paris.

The Outlines of the Bas-reliefs are drawn by Count Tolstoy, and engraved by Mr. Outkin, accompanied by a short Description of each Subject.

The Price of the Twenty Bas-reliefs, with the Outlines, to Subscribers, will be 12l. 12s. The first Five, which are now ready for delivery, may be subscribed for separately; the Price of which will be 3l. 3s.—None will be sold separate.

Names of Subscribers received by Messrs. Colnaghi and Co. 23, Cockspur Street, London, where Specimens of the Bas-reliefs may be seen.

DR. FAITHORN on Derangements of the Liver, Digestive Organs, and Nervous System.

FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS on Obstructions of the Liver, and those various, extensive, and often complicated Disorders of the Constitution originating from this source; depicting the causes which lead to a morbid condition of the Digestive Internal Organs and Nervous System; Practical Remarks on the different Properties of the Biliary and Gastric Secretions, and upon other important points essential to health; with an Appendix of Cases, illustrative of the principles of Treatment.

The Fourth Edition, considerably Enlarged, just Published, Price Nine Shillings.

London: Printed for Longman and Co. Paternoster Row. Sold also by Constable, Edinburgh; Hodges, Dublin; Jagg, Swansea; Bettison, Cheltenham; Perry, Leamington; and Blackburn, Harrogate.

EXHIBITION of ENGRAVINGS by LIVING BRITISH ARTISTS. Associated under the Patronage of his Majesty.

The above Exhibition is NOW OPEN, at No. 9, Soho Square, from Ten o'clock till dusk.

Admission, One Shilling.

W. B. COOKE, Hon. Sec.

Just published, price 6s. 6d.

THE PAMPHLETEER, No. XXXV; or, Record of the Best Pamphlets of the Day, on both sides of every Question.

Contents:—I. The Declaration of England against the Acts of the Holy Alliance; with Official Documents, &c. &c.

II. Reflections on the Conduct of the Allies.

III. Plan for a Reformation in Provincial Banking, by which the Notes of Country Bankers may be rendered as secure as those of the Bank of England.

IV. On Criminal Jurisprudence, with the Draft of a New Penal Code. By J. T. B. Beaumont, F. A. S.

V. On the Dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. By M. B. Constant. [Translated exclusively for the Pamphleteer.]

VI. Historical Portraits: Octavius Cæsar and William Pitt, (reprinted;) Rienzi and Bonaparte, (never before published.) By G. W. Meadly.

VII. On the Criminal Prisons of this Country. By G. Holford, Esq. M. P. [Second edition, with corrections.]

VIII. The Exclusion of the Queen from the Liturgy, historically and legally considered. By a Barrister. [The fourth edition, enlarged by the Author.]

IX. On the Poetical character of Pope; elucidating the 'Invariable Principles of Poetry,' &c. in reply to O. Gilchrist. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. [Original.] (Concluded from the last number.)

X. Phocion, in Reply to Cato, in Defence of the People of England, and in Vindication of the Press. By a Barrister.

XI. On the Timber and Deal Trade, as regards Europe and the British American Colonies; resting on plain facts. [Original.]

Printed by A. J. Valpy; sold by Sherwood and Co.; Black, Kingsbury, and Co. London; and all other Booksellers; where it may be had regularly, by giving a general order.

Each Number, on the average, will contain ten or twelve Pamphlets, thus reducing the price of each Pamphlet to about sixpence.

The peculiar advantage of this plan is, that it forms an imperishable Record of the most valuable Pamphlets, and will also offer, through the means of Clubs and Institutions, a very extensive circulation.

Complete Sets may be had bound, or in Numbers, 6s. 6d. each.—Four Numbers are published annually.

In No. XXX. is published a complete and classed Index of all Pamphlets contained in the first Thirty Numbers, which will give a correct idea of the nature and value of the Work.

*** This Work is particularly adapted for Clubs and Institutions.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand two doors East of Exeter Change; where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court; Chapple, Pall Mall; Grapel, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Bowwell Court, Carey Street.